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LAMENTATIONS

OF THE

French Marshals, Broglio and Noailles.

How are the mighty fallen, and the Weapons of War perished!

The Lord hath trodden under Foot all my mighty Men in the Midst of me; he hath called an Assembly against me to crush my young Men. All that pass by clap their Hands at me; they hiss and wag their Heads at the Daughter of Gallia, saying, Is this she that Men call the Perfection of Beauty, the Joy of the whole Earth?

From the French Original privately handed about at Paris.

The Lamentation of Broglio.

IT came to pass, that as *Broglio* fled from before the Face of *Lorraine*, and from before the Face of *Lobkowitz*, that he passed by *Danawert*, and pitched by *Schellenberg*. Now he sat by the Ruins of a Wall, and his Soul was sad, and his Armour-Bearer sat by him. And his Armour-Bearer said, Behold this is an evil Place wherein thou art encamped; for lo! in this Place, forty Years ago, our Nation, and the Nation that we now assist, were put to Flight before their Enemies. Consider now with thyself, and think whether thou hast well chosen. Then *Broglio* lift up his Eyes and saw the Bones of his Countrymen that were scattered

tered, and he wept; and when he had recovered his Voice, he opened his Mouth, and said,

1 How foolish is the Pride of Kings, and how vain the Ambition of Princes! Lo! they frame to themselves evil Projects, and cursed is he who executes them.

2 My Spirit is troubled with Grief, and my Heart swelleth within me; I will therefore speak, I will utter my Passion, I will no longer wear a Bridle on my Tongue, or a Curb upon my Thoughts.

3 How are the Imaginations of the old Priest frustrate, and how are his Arts come to nought! Providence hath made his Witchcrafts of none Effect, and he who ruleth all Things hath laughed to Scorn the Man who meant to rule in his Stead.

4 When we did Justice and pursued Equity, when we kept Faith with our Neighbours, the People had Peace, and the Land enjoyed Rest. Then we forgot the Troubles of our Fathers, and the Miseries that ourselves had felt; *Blenheim* came not into our Thoughts, and we remembred not the Loss of *Liste*.

5 The King forgot the Words of his Grandfather, who called him, when a Child, on his Deathbed, and exhorted him to eschew Wats, and to seek the Peace of his People. But he listened to the Tongue of the Soothsayer, and gave Way to the Flattery of his Nobles: He said in his Heart, I will rise and give Law to the whole Earth.

6 So he arose and took Counsel how he might accomplish his Purpose, how he might ravage like *Nimrod*, and become, as it were, a *Nebuchadnezzar*.

7 His evil Counsellors also stood up and said, Lo! thy Neighbour is dead, and a Woman inheriteth his Possessions; up and spoil her; take unto thee what seemeth good in thine own Eyes, and make thyself Friends with the rest: Why should thy Glory be less than thy Ancestors? Or why shouldst thou not be as great as they?



8 So the Commandment went forth for War, and his Armies were assembled together; his Host was made up of many Nations, and strange Princes leagued themselves with them, that they might share in his Conquests.

9 Now they thought their Wildom so great, and their Host so powerful, that nothing might withstand them; they listened to his Voice as the Decree of Heaven, and he took upon him to create Emperors, and to give away Kingdoms.

10 How numerous were the Armies he poured forth! How beauteous were the Hosts that he sent to Battle! The Men were adorned with Gold, and the Horses were caparisoned with Silver.

11 They passed over the great River in Triumph, they spread Terror and Amazement round them; so that those they meant to destroy met them with Submission, and the Earth seemed to be subdued before them.

12 I also arose as another *Holofernes*, and assembled many Nations together; I was honoured as the Lieutenant of the great King, and the People shrank at the Thunder of our Arms.

13 *Belleisle* went forth as a seducing Spirit, the Poison of Asps was under his Lips; and lo! wheresoever he came, he spread Corruption: But his Arts have turned to his own Confusion!

14 We set up our golden Image, and our Neighbours in Astonishment fell down and worshipped it: Our King made one greater than himself, and none said unto him, What doest thou?

15 Then the Woman lift up her Voice and wept, the Child too mourned in the Lap of his Mother; her Subjects stood aghast at her Sorrows, and their Loyalty made them forget their own.

16 So *Belleisle* insulted her in the Day of her Distress; and when she meekly intreated for Peace, he, like another *Rabshekah*, spake Words of Reproach in her Ears,
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and would hear no Tidings of Peace, but from the Battlements of *Vienna*.

17 Then the Spirit of Fortitude fell upon her from above, and she arose like another *Deborah*; she wiped the Tears from her Eyes, and took her Sword in her Hand, and the Nobles put her Father's Crown upon her Head, and said, Behold now, comfort thy self, we will live with thee, or die for thee.

18 So she strengthened herself with her Father's Forces, and the God of her Fathers was with her; and she put away Fear far from her, and relied on the Justice of her Cause, and on her People.

19 Our Hosts, nevertheless, took her Cities, and I, even I, ravish'd a Kingdom from her. The Princes, who should have helped her, shared in the Spoil; her Enemies surrounded her on her every Side, and her Friends pitied her from afar.

20 Then *Kevenhuller* arose in the Midst of her Distress; he went out at the Head of her Armies; he drove her Enemies out of her Country; and, like another *Joshua*, he took *Lintz* by the Sound of his Trumpets.

21 Then awoke her Allies as from a deep Sleep, and they said, Lo, the Woman liveth and hath Strength, let us arise and go to her Assistance.

22 Then they began to strengthen her Hands; they sent unto her Presents of Silver; *Tyre* poured forth Ships for her Service, and *Zidon* gave her Aid, but slowly.

23 Her Armies prospered, and our People fell; yea, there arose a Race of Savages who served her; and they came forth out of their Dens and Forests for our Destruction: Their Countenances dismayed us, that we could not fight; and their Swiftneſs was such, that we had no Safety in fleeing.

24 A Spirit of Discord also went forth, and, when we thought ourselves strongest, then were we weakest. The old Syren no longer charmed; *Belleisle's* Speeches were

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were no more persuasive; the young Hero began to think, and laid down his Arms wisely.

25 Our Confederacy then melted like Snow, and we were alike despised by our Friends and by our Enemies. I sought to renew the War, but in vain; my Spirit became troubled, I wist not what I did; I divided my Forces.

26 So I lost the Advantage of Numbers, and thro' my Folly a Handful of Men destroyed Armies; then I went and shut up myself in a Fortrefs, and fenced against the Sword and Famine.

27 So another Army was sent to relieve me, and a new Captain to share in my Dishonour; he came and saw my Distress; he withdrew, because his own was greater than mine. He was intangled in Woods, and shut in by the Wilderness; he was pursued by unrelenting Enemies, and his Host was eat up through Diseases and the Want of Bread.

28 He returned by the Way that he came, and, being the Scorn of his Enemies, became also the Scourge of his Friends. Then I fled into the Land where his Army lay, and I said, I will yet do great Things; so my Sayings were believed, and all Power was left in my Hands.

29 And now, What have I done! I have even eaten up my Friends, faster than my Foes have eat up me; a goodly Country have I destroyed, and have left *Eden* behind me as a howling Desert.

30 When the Enemy were far off, then I boasted; when they drew nigh my Heart was faint. I have lost Cities without Sieges; my Army is consumed without a Battle: Is not this the Hand of Providence? Why should I longer kick against the Pricks?

31 Arise, why do we tarry? Let us leave the Land of our Disgrace. Let us return, if it be possible, to our own. Behold, they bake Bread at *Heilbron*, who knoweth

knoweth but the Lord will give us Strength to flee
thither, and eat it in Safety?

Here endeth the Lamentation of Broglio.

The Lamentation of Noailles.

NOW the Army had been discomfited before their Enemies, and the People had returned over the River mourning, when *Noailles* retired to his abiding Place, and sat him down disconsolate, without eating Bread or drinking Water. His Servants also were afraid to draw nigh unto him, for his Eyes looked wild, and his Countenance was fallen. So he sat alone, and brooded over his Misfortune, as the Pelican in the Wilderness, and the Owl in the Desert. At length, the Ferment of his Grief swelling, he, in the Bitterness of his Soul, brake forth into grievous Complaints, and said,

1 Why were my Days prolonged, and why have I lived to see this Day? It had been better for me that I had slept with my Fathers, than that I should live to disgrace their Honours, and descend into the Grave with hoary Hairs, and a broken Heart.

2 When I spake against the High Priest's Council, when I rose in the Gate to withstand the Harrangues of his Creatures, lo! then every Tongue blessed me, and every Head was bowed to *Noailles*. I was then the Darling of the People, I was then a Patriot indeed.

3 But the Love of Power overtook me, and the Lust of Dominion overcame my Integrity; I thirsted for the Command that hath humbled me, and I earnestly sought that Post that covers me with Shame.

4 Yet I knew the Injustice of the War, yea, I had spoken against its Injustice; my Voice was heard above all who had condemned it, and I sought to bring the
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Authors of it into Judgment. So they laid a Stumbling-block in my Way, and flattered me according to the Pride of my Heart; they fluck me over with Titles, and I sacrificed my Virtues to an empty Sound.

5 Why went I forth with the Army? Why was I not content to remain at Home? Should I not have regarded *Broglio* as a Beacon? Ought I not to have trembled at the Fate of *Belleisle*? O *Maillebois*, why thought I not of thee!

6 I was called to Council, and the People rejoiced; they already felt their Burdens lightened, and each enquired of his Neighbour what Taxes would be taken off. The King heareth *Noailles*, said they, and we shall again eat Bread. But my Heart was seduced by Flattery, and I became the Tool of those whom I opposed; I took upon me the Execution of their Councils, and lo! I have taken their Shame upon myself.

7 I was elated at the Sight of this Army, I thought the Household invincible; I said, I will yet make War honourable, and, having once beaten the Allies, I will carry home Peace as a Trophy.

8 I remembered not the Injustice of the Quarrel, I thought not of the Scourges of our Nation; I regarded the *Hanoverians* as nothing; of the *Austrians* I was not afraid; I said even of the *Britons*, *They are but Men*.

9 But now I have proved, to my Sorrow, that the Cogitations of my Heart were but vain; that Courage shrinketh in a bad Cause; and that, in prosecuting evil Counsels, all Wisdom is turned into Folly. A Day has destroyed my Reputation, and the Honour acquired in many Years hath faded in an Hour. My Laurels are withered, my Glory is departed, and what shall I say now to my Sovereign, or how shall I answer it to his Subjects?

10 I thought to have surpris'd the Enemy; I said in my Heart, We shall find them asleep: But lo! they were

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were waking all Night; and when I dreamt of catching them, I was caught myself.

11 And now whether shall *Broglie* flee? To whom shall he call for Succour? The last Army of *France* is beaten; her best Troops have fled before Soldiers in their first Year. *Belleisle* shall hear it, and be glad; even *Maillebois* will think himself greater than I; his Army was destroyed without fighting, his Foes could not boast that by them he was undone.

12 Our Coasts are insulted by Strangers, our Princes lead our Armies in Flight; our Country is exhausted of People, and we have no Wealth left us to hire foreign Bands. Instead of giving Law to *Europe*, we must submit to such Terms as shall be imposed; and, having been Victims to our own Folly, we have now no Hopes but in the Madness of our Foes.

13 Why passed I the *Rhine* for such a Purpose? Why fought I not to negotiate rather than fight? Or why, when seduced to approve War, did I not rather direct it in the Closet, than make myself answerable for it in the Field?

14 O tell it not at *Paris*, let not this Day's Transaction reach *Versailles*; let the Story be hid from the People, let it be told but by Halves unto the King, lest my Credit should be utterly lost, and even Repentance come too late.

15 I will arise and return to my Principles, I will yet hold my Integrity fast; I will exclaim that the Sword is vain, and that there is no Trust to be put in Armies; I will again declare for Peace, and recover the Reputation I have lost, by restoring it to *France*. I will demand a Commission to treat, and, since Providence denies me Laurels, I will turn my Feet into her Paths, and endeavour to plant Olives.

Thus ends the Lamentation of Noailles



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